

THE CANVAS BACK AND RED HEAD DUCKS

By A. V. DOCKERY.

Very few North Carolinians have ever eaten a real true canvas back duck, unless somebody else paid the Piper. It is true all Carolinians know all about these ducks as they do about all other things, but that does not go far nor always.

The true-blue canvas back duck is an old man himself. It is awfully dumb in its food and aristocratic in its habits. It is not a mixer with Democrats, Republicans, Anarchists, Salvation Army people and Populists.

The Red Head Duck pops up for Boy of Bow and then, claiming kin to the canvas back, and gets unwittingly killed and eaten as such, but it is an unfortunate desire for notoriety. As such so as a red-headed Irishman, Jew, or Negro. Taint natural some-thing or other.

Examine the true canvas back. He has all the appearance in walk and talk of a gout stricken English country gentleman. On land this duck waddles along, stoop shouldered, painfully fat with a devil may care go; not searching for food notwithstanding the bent of his head, but simply reflecting upon what good the earth is for anyhow. He is simply there for cheaper purposes. For exposure, on land.

The Red on his Head is longer than that on his bastard brother, the red-head duck. The canvass is more, and finer, and nicer, and prettier than that of his bastard brother, the red-head duck.

He has got only a small black ring around his body, separating the red from the canvas, while his blooming one-fourth brother has got a great big bit of black from near the head down to the imitation canvas at the shoulders. The genuine canvas-back has a larger black spot of feathers at his other end, and carefully holds his tail down as if ashamed of the black, while the igarrote has a smaller bunch of black feathers there and carefully exposes them by upholding his tail. All are not drakes—the curl does not come into play.

The Neck of the canvas back is straightforward in its carrying, while the other is erect and in strutting attitude, much like the Czaristic Muscovy or the plebian populist puddle duck somebody has seen.

The eye of the canvas back is put away back in the head like his most aristocratic feather-brother, the wood-duck; as if he feared no frontal danger but was solicitous of his past record, while the eye of the red-head duck is off forward, looking out for life, and oblivious to historical records.

The canvas back feeds, of course. Nature compels. But he does it not so much to gratify the active qualities of the bill as to satisfy a fastidious stomach. He is not a cosmopolitan feeder. He will patronize his favorite larder and consume his choice food, or he will forsake the country. He can fly and fly far, and if he cannot find wild rice in tide-water fields, to give for and fatten upon, he emigrates.

The Japanese are rice feeders, strong, wise and healthy. So is the canvas back duck, which likes also condiments already mixed with his food such as the salt in his rice, in any sounds. He does not go inland, up our fresh-water rivers after food—there is rice there too, but it has not been seasoned.

Once upon a time I chanced to shoot a bunch of these or those canvas back ducks at Grassy Islands on the Pee Dee river, and congratulated myself for years upon having been the first to kill such ducks, so far away from the sea; and found out afterwards that I had been unwittingly lying all the while because they were the imitation, the red-head duck with too much black mixed in the get up. I regretted that I had done wrong without knowing it. It is bad enough to be knowingly.

But my matured motto is, if one cannot possibly convince himself to be absolutely straight goods; then, to lie, steal, murder rather than be a hypocrite or other buncoer. And if the lakerism of fortune happens to bring gold into filthy pockets thank God for letting it come there but do not expect humanity to worship the possessor for aught else than the gold.

There is no such thing as a self-made man. The Igorrote with a basketful of shekels, and a skinful of holes in his moral record is not even self-made, and it may be one of the eternal punishments inflicted so early upon him—in life—while he is unconscious of what the living world is saying about him and his.

The Great Oasis may afford refuge for the hypocrite, but the Great One does only ermit the hypnotism of the hypocrite on earth.

The Red Head duck has sailed under a false flag.

Inferential Corollary.
It pays to straight always,

Because the end chimes a-tune
And earthly saint and charlatan
Alike, will in the gloaming.

College Foolishness.

"John," said the farmer, "I've given you the best education the college had in the shop."

"Yes, sir."

"Never stood back for expenses?"

"Never."

"You speak six languages?"

"Perfectly."

"So far, so good. Now listen: Don't swear at the mule in Greek; don't use no Latin terms to him, an' fling no French his way. Use the Georgy dialect that you an' the mule was raised to; it's my opinion that the mule won't stand no college foolishness."—Atlanta Constitution.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If the old countries of Europe can afford to buy our cotton seed meal after paying the ocean transportation, the Southern farmers certainly could make money in feeding it associated with good roughage like corn stover and peavine hay. If the direct profit from the feeding did not look large, there would be the remaining profit to the land in the increase of all the other crops by reason of the rich quality of the manure produced. That article of Dr. Butler's on what we lose by not feeding the product of the cotton field will bear close study.

One correspondent says that we must convince the Southern farmer that he can make cattle feeding profitable before he will go into it. Cotton raising in the old way at a cost of six to eight cents a pound certainly is not a very profitable business, and if through the growing of forage and feeding cattle we can reduce the cost of the cotton crop one-half or more, we can afford to come out even on the cattle.

I have seen men who called themselves farmers buying baled shredded corn stover in Raleigh for \$12 a ton, because they thought there was no money in anything but cotton, when they could have made it at a cost of \$3 per ton, and to them there was very little money in the cotton crop. Still they kept on growing cotton alone because they were tied hand and foot to the merchant and the fertilizer man, and never had the courage to break their bonds and go to farming.

When all of the South is freed from cattle ticks there will be a better chance for improved stock. It does not pay to feed scrubs either for dairy or beef. Scrub cattle and razor-back hogs are simply the survival of the fittest for scrub farming, and we want to get away from everything of the scrub character. I saw down in Florida a few weeks ago hogs that looked as though they needed weights on their tails to balance their heads. The animals seemed to be about one-third head.

I had hoped to get the Association of Vegetable Growers and Market Gardeners of America to meet in the South next fall. But they do not seem ready to do so, as the next meeting and exhibition will be held in Ashtabula, Ohio. If we could get the Southern truckers into this association it would be a great thing for both the Northern and Southern growers, as they could co-operate in the matter of selling their products in different markets and avoid glut. The association can be of great practical benefit to gardeners in all parts of the country, and we hope to extend its membership in the South.

PREPARATION FOR TOBACCO.

In attending the farmers institute the past winter among the tobacco growers of Maryland, I found that it is the general opinion of the best tobacco growers that nothing is so good for their type of tobacco as a crimson clover sod turned under.

They grow a heavier type of brown tobacco than most of the Southern growers do. But all tobacco growers value humus in the soil, for I have seen them clearing a pine thicket for tobacco. Now, I am sure that the humus from turned under clover is no worse than the humus from pine trees. In fact, I think that it is far better, and while it may directly affect yellow tobacco following immediately after the clover, I believe that the accumulation of organic decay through the legumes is as good for the yellow tobacco as the brown, if some other crop immediately follows the clover. In short, I believe in the improvement of the soil in humus, no matter what the crop is to be.

Following immediately after a crop of crimson clover the tobacco grower can entirely dispense with nitrogen in his fertilizer, except a little nitrate of soda for an early start, or can use a small amount of the high-grade mixture I have so often advised.

UNIVERSITY SHOULD BE MORE LIBERALLY SUPPORTED

A Patriotic Warren County Woman Says the University Has Done More For the Education and Development of The State Than any Other Force

To the Editor: The last two Legislatures have appropriated the same for the University and the Normal and Industrial College, and some may think it is not becoming in a woman to find fault with this law, but is it fair to the University? When the men and women both look at it from a common-sense standpoint they must see the injustice of it. If the Normal needs seventy-five thousand dollars the University should have one hundred and fifty thousand, for the earning capacity of the man is certainly twice as much as that of the woman, not reflecting upon the latter, as it was so ordained by the Creator.

Note these facts from the last report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction. There are more teachers in proportion to numbers of students at the Normal than at the University, which is unreasonable when you consider the number of courses given at the University in comparison with the number given at the Normal. What is the Normal giving the State in return except teachers for the public and graded schools? The University has courses in law, medicine, pharmacy, engineering, chemistry, physics, geology, in addition to the regular academic course. Then, if you give the total income to salary for teachers—of course all does not go for this purpose, but grant it for the sake of argument—the average price of the Normal teacher is \$1,930, while the University teacher gets \$2,083.33, making a difference of \$153.33. Now, is there another college in the State that pays its lady teachers so handsomely, and can they yield them a like income? The same amount of money that it takes to train a man for a chair in the University invested along other lines would bring him in from two to three times the amount annually that his professorship brings.

Again, the Normal, like most of the female colleges of the State, is unfair to the girls because the boys and girls can go from the same class in the high school and it takes the girls as long to graduate as it does the boys and the curricula of the female colleges are not on a par with those of the male colleges. The University should be the pride of the men and women of the State, being the oldest State University in the United States, having been provided for in the Constitution of the State. It has done more for the education and development of the State than any other force and while the denominational colleges are needed and are doing a good work they can't possibly do the work along all lines that the University is doing, and could do, if they would stand by it and the State would make the necessary appropriation. The people should demand this and the campaign should begin now so that it may be done by the next Legislature. Dr. Venable should be commended by the people of the State because he is not a "log-roller" and politician; it is beneath his dignity. Again, we do not

want the money of monopolies and trusts to hamper the usefulness of our great University, our people are able to support it themselves. North Carolina ranks high among the Southern States in resources and development and she should not be about the bottom of the list in her appropriation for her University. May she be moved to the top two years hence. During that time the friends of the University must not be idle, let every alumnus of the institution contribute at once so that the present debt may be paid off and plans made for the coming year, 1909-1910. We can't afford to lose another of our professors, though Dr. Smith has a worthy successor.

To start this contribution the writer will give \$50 with the earnest appeal that it be made \$50,000 by September first. It can be done and more. If every alumnus, and all others who will, contribute \$10 for every \$1,000 he is worth—not counting what he may have done in the past—and a great blessing will come to both giver and receiver. I suggest as treasurer of this Alumnus Fund Hon. S. M. Gattis, of Hillsboro. He must go to the Legislature in 1911 and be chairman of Committee on Appropriations, and the cause of the University will be safe, provided the subscriptions have really amounted to something, and the people are enlightened as to the work the University is doing. It might be well to mention that the plant at the Normal is worth \$600,000, all or most of which has been given by the State, while the plant at the University is valued at \$806,000 and a very small part has been given by the State. Some of the University faculty might do a good work during the Summer speaking and canvassing.

Let others be heard from at once along this line and see what can be done.

AMMA DANIEL GRAHAM.

FOUGHT NEGRO IN DARK

WASHINGTON WOMAN FINALLY SUCCEEDS IN FRIGHTENING BRUTE AWAY.

Washington, D. C., May 15.—Unarmed and alone, Mrs. Elenora Smith, wife of Capt. W. B. Smith, of No. 5 Chemical Company, beat off the attack of a giant negro who assaulted her Thursday night. The negro, bleeding from scratches upon his face and hands, made good his escape. Not wishing to alarm her husband, Mrs. Smith did not tell him until yesterday. The assault occurred in the rear of Mrs. Smith's home, 1413 Monticello street northeast, about 9 o'clock. Superintendent of Police Sylvester has offered a reward of \$50 for the apprehension of the black thug.

Mrs. Smith and her 18-year-old daughter were alone in the house when they heard a noise in the rear yard. She went to the back porch and there heard the flutter of chickens in an outhouse. The woman grasped a broom and went to the coop, believing that rats had attacked the chickens.

The negro sprang upon her, knocked her to the ground and grasped her by the throat. Despite the threats of the black to kill her if she made any outcry the woman screamed, scratched the negro with her nails and beat him in the face. The negro knelt upon her breast, striking her again and again in the face, but the woman bravely fought back and succeeded in thrusting the negro from her.

The daughter found her mother in a semi-conscious condition after the negro had fled, leaving behind him his hat and coat.

CHILD HORRIBLY HURT.

Spoke From Toy Wagon Driven Into His Head.

Rockingham, N. C., May 15.—One of the most distressing of affairs happened at the cold drink stand near Pee Dee mill Saturday afternoon about 3 o'clock, when two and a half year old Henry Young had a spoke from the hub of a toy wagon driven two inches into his skull back of the left ear.

There are conflicting reports as to how the injury was sustained. George Phillips, the 14-year-old boy in charge of the stand, claims it was an accident and that he unintentionally pushed the child off the front steps of the stand in attempting to close the door.

There are other reports that Phillips threw the child out the door and expressed indifference when told that he had killed the child.

A warrant for the arrest of Phillips was sworn out and he gave bond, returnable before Mayor W. N. Everett on May 15th, in the sum of \$500.

For hauls under 100 feet or in making "fills" it is especially serviceable.

WOMAN TRIES SUICIDE

YADKIN COUNTY WOMAN TAKES PARIS GREEN—BOY HAS NARROW ESCAPE.

East Bend, N. C., May 15.—Mrs. Julius Shore, of Shore, Yadkin county, attempted to commit suicide Tuesday morning by taking Paris green. Dr. Leak was hastily summoned from East Bend and it is believed that she will recover.

No cause is assigned for the rash act. Mr. Shore holds a position in Salisbury and is not at home much and it is believed that Mrs. Shore became despondent. They have several children.

Believing that he was drinking something else, Luth Lynch, the twelve-year-old son of Mr. W. H. Lynch, who lives near Yadkinville, drank a gill of carbolic acid, and the only thing that saved his life was the vigor with which he emitted the substance. The physician who was called in says that he will get well.

Not a Case for a Surgeon.

(Argonaut.)

A country parson was one day going his usual round of visiting, when he was stopped by one of his congregation, an old farmhand, who said: "An' hoo be yer darter this mornin', yer reverend?"

"My daughter!" exclaimed the parson, rather surprised; "oh, she is quite well, thank you."

"What!" cried the rustic, "quite well!! Why, I heard she had a ccele accident yesterday, an' busted her inner tubing!"

Love laughs at the locksmith—and so does divorce.